

D.A. MacCrimmon
MONEY
TO LOAN
On Real Estate.

THE CHRONICLE

BRING YOUR
HAY AND GRAIN
To
MacCrimmon

VOL. II. NO. 51.

CROSS-FIELD, ALBERTA. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1909.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

That that is, is. That that is not, is not.

S
E
E

DAVE IS

Many young men will be made IT
from Dave's Toggery at Xmas
Something new and nifty in Xmas
Goods

D. G. HARVIE

He Makes The
CLOTHES

D
A
V
E

LUMBER!

LUMBER!



Get Your Heads Together

and figure out the cost of the lumber for your
ginary, house, barn, etc., you are going to
build. Let us put you in the right path and save
you trouble and money by figuring out an es-
timate for you that will show you just what the
expense will be and then look at the quality of
our lumber and beat the estimate if you can.
We do all our own Turning, Sawing, etc.

Lethbridge Galt Coal

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

GEORGE BECKER, - - - - - Proprietor.

McKAY BROS

Central for Government 'Phone.

Central for Farmers' Independent 'Phone.

Central for Mandt and Hamilton Wagons and all
kinds of Farm Machinery, Gasoline Engines, Wind
Mills, Well Casing, Pumps, Galvanized Iron Piping,
Burton Water Systems, Hot Air and Hot Water Fur-
naces, Baths, Sinks, etc.

Our goods are UP-TO-DATE in every respect having
every latest improvement. Our Motto is, and will be
Second to None. Call us up, Look us up, or Write us
up and you will receive

PROMPT ATTENTION

LUMBER OF ALL KINDS

At Prices to Defy Competition at
McDonald & McNaughton's Mills

WE HAVE

Shiplap, Flooring, Window and Door Jambs, Ceiling, Drop-
siding, Dimension and Rough Lumber

POST OFFICE ADDRESS—CREMONA

Mills 25 miles West of Crossfield on road across Little
Red Deer. Accommodation for man and beast.

Provincial Paragraphs

Basano is to have a newspaper.

Single tax is being advocated at La-
combe.

Taxes to the amount of \$2,000 are in
arrears at Okotoks.

The Innisfail bakery recently destroy-
ed by fire is being rebuilt.

Stettler has experienced the best season
in the history of the town.

A new post office is to be opened east
of the Red Deer River, range 20, Town-
ship 31.

The establishing of a branch of the
Y.M.C.A., at Carstairs is meeting with a
considerable amount of approval from
the residents.

The Carstairs Journal bemoans the
fact that as no one hardly turned out to
the skating rink meeting there will be
nothing doing.

Owing to the fact that Hillcrest, near
Frank, is not organized as a village for
assessment a snag has been encountered
in the effort to levy taxes for school
support.

Marjorie, aged 11, daughter of W. R.
McDonald, of De Winton, was wounded
by a charge of No. 6 shot while out with
her brother and a neighbor's son hunt-
ing weasels.

Police court cases in Calgary last month
numbered 322. The flowing bowl was
responsible for 189. The fines amounted
to \$686.25, and the cost of feeding the
offenders to \$19.

J. F. Worley, sub-contractor on the
irrigation ditch was sent for wages by
some of his workmen recently. The case
was tried at Strathmore and the work-
men were victorious.

S. Sprague charged by Capt. Strange,
a gleichen, ranger, with theft of a coat
and revolver was acquitted. Talk of a
suicide case being entered against the
ranger is in the air.

Branches of the Modern Woodmen of
America and the Independent Order of
Foresters have been organized at Strath-
more. The Oddfellows are expected to
be in the field ere long.

The question of votes for women has
at last been settled and English politicians
can now rest in peace for did not the
livery society of Strathmore last week
decide that women should have no votes?

The Imperial Bank at Innisfail was
considerably damaged by fire on the
night of Thursday, November 25th. The
conflagration was the result of an insuffi-
ciently thick foundation to the fire place.

The Muirhead ranch, comprising some
10,000 acres of freehold land; and about
the same amount of leased land has been
purchased by the Vancouver, Prince
Rupert Meat Co. The ranch is situated
ten miles east of Xat'lon.

Frank Allen about four weeks ago pro-
cured a cow out from a livery stable at
Gleichen. The cow belonged to a man
named Scott; and as "Frankie" unfortu-
nately omitted to ask permission he was
presented with five board and room with
some slight restriction on his livery
which will not permit of his attending
lodge.

There is talk of a second newspaper at
Stettler. That's usually the way—when
a publisher works up his business until
he thinks he can see through his difficul-
ties to day light, some of his patrons be-
come disgruntled and conclude there is
an opening for a second paper in a one
paper town, and if they succeed in land-
ing a sucker a lot of unpleasantness fol-
lows and the two publishers take out an
existence, instead of getting a fair profit.
Better let well enough alone.—Daysland
Press.

On Sunday morning, the 28th ult., the
residence of John Duncan, Little Red
Deer, was totally destroyed by fire.
About 3 o'clock Mr. Duncan's son Tom
was awakened by a crackle of flames and
gave the alarm. The fire, which appar-
ently had smoldered for some time
broke out in the kitchen and gained
such headway when discovered that it
was impossible to extinguish it. The family
lost practically all their personal
belongings, some of which, owned by
Miss Duncan, were old family heirlooms
and can never be replaced. Some few
articles of furniture and wearing apparel
were all that were saved from the flames.
—Innisfail Province.

WELL PLEASED WITH ALBERTA

H. Wiertz, of Busley County,
North Dakota, arrived in town on
Saturday December 4th, and is
awaiting the arrival of his car of
effects. As soon as it appears on
the scene he will unload it and
proceed to his farm across the Red
Deer River.

Mr. Wiertz is highly pleased with
the country and the future that is
ahead of it. This belief is shared
to a great extent by a number of
others in his section of the state as
is evidenced by the fact that not
only are a few more gentlemen ex-
pected to arrive very shortly, but
sixteen will arrive in the spring.

These Dakota men are all used to
the conditions experienced in prairie
farming and are welcome additions
to the community.

ENTERTAINMENT

Owing to the fact that there is a
deficit in the amount needed for
the improvements on the Methodist
parsonage, despite the generous
response to the petition circulated for
contributions, the committee in
charge of the work have decided to
give an entertainment in the
Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday,
December 21st. The proceeds of
which will go towards the making
up of the necessary amount.

The concert is to commence at
8 p.m. sharp and a complete pro-
gram will appear in our next week's
issue.

Hymeneal.

The Methodist parsonage was the
scene of a quiet wedding on Wed-
nesday evening, December 8th, when
Miss Effie McCauley, of Crossfield,
became the wife of Mr. Embert Haz-
el, of Olds, Rev. W. A. Smith
officiating.

The bride was attended by Miss
Levaque, while Mr. Andrew Nixon
supported the groom. After the
ceremony the happy couple took the
evening train for Calgary. On their
return they will reside near Olds
where the groom has a farm. Both
of the young people have many
friends with whom we join in wish-
ing Mr. and Mrs. Hazel a felicitous
future.

It Pays to Advertise

A short time ago a local bachelor
farmer, feeling the want of the "fe-
male form divine" in his household,
advertised in one of the Calgary
newspapers for a "young lady of
social habits, able to cook, and
supply bachelor with all home
comforts." Up till date he has re-
ceived over forty replies, and has
nearly the necessity of hiring an
amanuensis to answer letters. Some
of them were couched in curious
terms. One lady said she would
like the job all right, but said she
could not stay with the advertiser
unless there was someone else in
the household. Another confessed
she was forty years of age, but
"thought she could act the part all
right." Requests have been sent
to a number of the applicants for
photographs, and further infor-
mation, and it is probable that a
batch of them will be in town
within a few days. Who says that
females are scarce in Alberta.—Ex.

POST OFFICE CHANGES HANDS

Chas. McKay has been appointed
postmaster in order that the vacancy
caused by the resignation of Mr.
Jas. Sutherland, who has had
charge of the local office for the past
six years or so, may be filled.

The change will take place at the
first of the year and the incoming
of the new official will result in
some rather important changes.

The office which has hitherto
been situated on Railway Ave., will
be moved to the building at present
occupied by the Park restaurant on
Hammond St. The telephone office
at present in the office of McKay
Bros., will also be moved into the
same building, a step which will
no doubt meet with the general
appreciation of the public.

We are also given to understand
that a number of additional new
lock boxes and also some drawers
will be included in the fixtures of
the new office.

WANT A TURKEY?

Next week in one of our adver-
tisements will appear the name of a
subscriber. The lucky owner of the
name can, upon calling at the
office have a year's subscription to
this paper and a turkey. Are you
going to be the lucky one? Watch
for the name.

A Serious Accident

On Wednesday last a serious
accident occurred at the "New
Mine" near Carbon. About a
dozen men, mostly teamsters, were
preparing their lunch in the bunk-
house when a pair of water, which
was boiling on the stove, exploded
open, filling the room with steam
and hot water. The occupants of
the room were all more or less
scalded.

Mr. "Jack" Barrett arrived in
town Friday with his face and hands
badly scalded. Owing to the danger
of frost affecting the injured parts,
Mr. Barrett was compelled to leave
his head at Carbon and hurry on
to Crossfield for medical treatment.

Some Good Runs.

The inclement weather of the past
two weeks has put a stop to the
threshing operations for a while.
Three outfits were operating in this
vicinity and if favorable weather
permits a resuming of operations
will finish in a very few days.

Hallman & Sons were the first
to house their rig with a 60,000
bushel run, while L. O. Bingham
has threshed about 100,000 bushels.
Mr. Butler is a close second to the
last named having put through some
90,000 bushels—Airdrie News

We Are Very Sorry

It is not altogether our fault that
we have not kept our word regard-
ing the day of our issue. While
our end was on time and all in
readiness to catch the rural mails
and make it a Friday issue, the
Winnipeg end failed us. Our paper
did not arrive, whether on account
of the recent power failure in that
city or the delaying of trains by
the recent severe storms experienced
in the postage stamp province, we
know not. But let it suffice that
ye paper came not.

A Presentiment

(By MARCEL PREVOST)

It is only a short story and extremely slight—no, almost, in fact, and so simple, that it is like a feather falling down on paper, it may destroy its delicate grace and evanescent flavor. Why, then, I often ask myself, when it was told to us one evening amid the elegant luxury of a modern dinner-table, did it make upon us so lasting an impression as to become, in our corner of the Peruvian world, one of those classic narratives such as every section of society possesses, and to which allusion is always intelligible and always welcome?

I suppose it was because it formed a little rift in the mass of scandal and insipid political and literary tattle that we are always listening to. Perhaps, also, just as an attitude or a posture is sometimes sufficient to reveal the form that is hidden beneath it, so these few unadorned words, spoken by a good and beautiful woman, sufficed on this occasion to reveal to us the simplicity and purity of her soul.

We had been talking about those curious impulses which science has now begun to name and classify, and from which so few moderns are entirely exempt—impulses that are irresistibly to count the figures in a bill of wallpaper, or the books in a bookcase, or anything else in sight that can be counted; that impel others, when walking along the street, to reach a certain gait before an approaching cab shall have caught up to them, or before some neighboring clock shall have finished striking; or that cause a mother to hurry before going to bed, to make some new and odd arrangement of the articles in the room; and that, in pictures or cabinets—in fact, we were speaking of all the infinitesimal affections of the modern mind, and in reality, needs of madness transmitted from generation to generation, until, at last, they are diagnosed and regarded over the entire human race.

On this occasion, then, we had all been confessing our own weaknesses and mental aberrations, being rather comforted by each other's admissions, and each of us rejecting to find the rest of the company as bad as himself or even worse.

One young lady present, however, had said nothing, but had listened to us with a look of surprise on her beautiful face that was framed by masses of soft dark hair which we said to her:

"Come, madame, can it be that you are free from all these little touches of mania? Have you not also some slight peculiarity of the same kind?"

She appeared with perfect sincerity to question her memory for a moment, and then replied, with a slight smile on her head: "No, not the slightest."

We felt that she was speaking the truth, and all of us knew of her confirmed us in this belief—her placid look, her reputation as a thoroughly happy wife, everything, in fact, that separated her from the fashionable puppets who had just been confessing their strange, nervous diseases.

Doubtless her very modesty made her unwilling to claim for herself a more complete immunity than was enjoyed by the rest of the company with their frank admissions, for suddenly she interrupted us:

"Oh, really—yes, it is perfectly true that I can't tell you about anything on the numbers on cable-making, or the inventory of my wardrobe before I go to bed; still, now that I think of it, the other day I did have an experience that has a sort of resemblance to those that you have been talking of. At least, I have quite understood you—that is, a kind of internal compulsion which compelled me to do things that form an act of no real importance, as though it were a matter of life and death."

We begged her to tell the story, which she immediately did with a very good grace, but with an apologetic air as if asking pardon for taking up our time over so trifling an affair.

"Well, then, in a few words, this is what happened: About five or six days ago, I had gone out with my little daughter Susette. You know her, I think; she is just eight years old. I was taking her on her morning walk, for this important young thing already had to have her daily promenade. As the weather was fine, we decided to stroll along the Champ de Mars and the boulevards, starting from our house in the Rue Lafayette. We were walking along, chatting together gaily, when, on one of the corners, a poor young cripple hobbled up to us, holding out his hand without saying a word. I had my hand in my right hand, and with my left I was holding my skirt. I must confess that I hadn't the patience to stop and hunt for my pocketbook; so I passed along without giving the beggar a single sou."

"Susette and I kept on through the Champ de Mars, and all of a sudden ceased to chatter; and I no longer felt any desire to speak a word. I reached the Place de la Concorde without having exchanged a syllable after our meeting with the unfortunate man, and I felt like I began to feel, springing up within me and increasing more and more, a sort of discomfort, and a little of intense disquietude, a consciousness of having committed some irreparable act, and of being therefore to be punished very soon with a vague and indelible danger."

Now, ordinarily, I can force myself to a sort of mental examination; and so, as I walked along, I searched my conscience diligently. Dear me, I said to myself, 'I haven't committed a very serious sin against charity in not giv-

ing anything to this beggar. I've never pretended to give to everybody I happen to meet. I'll simply be content to be kind to the next one, and that's all there is to it. Yet, all my reasoning failed to convince me, and my maternal disquietude kept increasing until it became a sort of anguish, so much so, that a dozen times I longed to turn about and go back to the place where he had met the man. Would you believe it? I was a reprehensible feeling of pride that made me unwilling to do it in my daughter's presence."

"We were almost at the end of our promenade, and were just about to turn the corner of the Rue Lafayette, when Susette pulled gently at my dress and stopped me."

"'Mama, why didn't you give some thing to that poor beggar in the Champ de Mars?'"

"'What is it, dear?'" I answered. "She fixed her great blue eyes on me and said gravely:—"

"'Mama, why didn't you give some thing to that poor beggar in the Champ de Mars?'"

"'Like myself, she had thought of nothing else ever since we had met him. Like mine, her heart was profoundly depressed; only, being better than her mother and more sincere, she was willing to confess her unhappiness and her perfect frankness. I did not hesitate a moment."

"'You are right, my dear,'" said I. "We had walked faster than usual under the constraint of this haunting thought. Only twenty paces had we remained before her lessons were to begin. I called a cab, we entered it, and she pushed me out toward the Champ de Mars."

"Elyse, stimulated by the promise of a generous purchase."

"Susette and I held each other by the hand, and you may imagine how anxious we must have been. The beggar had disappeared! What we should be able to find him! Having reached the corner we hurried from the cab and looked up and down the avenue. The beggar was not in sight. I questioned one of the women who let chairs. She remembered seeing him. He is not," she said, "one of the regular mendicants who beg upon the corner, for he never comes here. Time was flying, and we were going to leave with feelings of great unhappiness, when all of a sudden Susette perceived the man behind a hedge, standing in the shade with his hat between his knees."

"She ran to him on tiptoe, slipped a bit of gold into his empty hat, and then we hastened back to the Rue Lafayette. I am well aware that it was perfectly absurd, but we really each other good, exactly as though we had escaped from some great danger."

She finished her story, blushing hotly at having spoken for so long a time about herself; but the rest of us, who had listened with a sort of reverence, felt as though we had been breathing for an instant a whiff of pure air, drinking a draft of clear, cool water from an untainted spring.

TOO LITERALLY TAKEN

THE OTHER DAY Mr. J. H. Hill warned the farmers in Western Canada that it was a mistake to rush all their grain to market at once, as by so doing they would inevitably take the market and get poor prices, whereas if they waited a little time they would make a much better bargain. He pointed out that the wheat when wheat was selling after the harvest at 85 cents a bushel, he had taken his, and had sold it in the States at \$1.25 a bushel. The Western farmers, it would seem, have taken his advice too literally, for we find Mr. David MacLaren, President of the Bank of Ottawa, saying, "The crop has not so far this year required much money to move as was expected, owing to the way in which the farmers are holding their wheat. Never in the history of Western Canada has the policy of waiting for better prices been so widely prevalent." This with wheat at its present excellent price, is in Mr. MacLaren's opinion, a mistake. He thinks that the farmers would be better advised to realize on their grain, pay off their debts, and avoid the inevitable wastage and expense attached to storage. There is, too, the loss of interest, an anxiety which might be avoided at once. It is difficult to explain to farmers that the advice of both Mr. Hill and Mr. MacLaren is sound. If all were to follow the advice of the former, they would defeat the object of it; and that, of course, is true of the latter. In media tunc should be the motto of the Western farmer. There is truth and sound advice in what each of these authorities say, but circumstances must be taken into account. If the price is good, a farmer should not blanket a portion of the crop, and then stop when the price goes down and wait for it to rise again. But one must not blame the farmer if he is not a financial expert and takes advice too literally.

THE CHAMPION PACKER OF THE NORTH

ONE of the most interesting figures in the prospecting section of Northern Ontario is Joe Chamberlain, who holds all the records for heavy and long distance packing with the tump line. Chamberlain is one of the principals in the transport company that carries passengers, mail and freight over the canoe route between Elk Lake and Granda. This route is about fifty miles long, with sixteen portages varying in length from one hundred yards to a mile and a half.

In the everyday work of the trans-

port company the men carry packages weighing from two hundred to three hundred pounds. One huge tent that was recently shipped weighed three hundred pounds and some barrels of vinegar went three hundred and eighty pounds. These immense loads are carried on the back by means of a leather strap called a tump line, that passes over the top of the head. Shoulder straps are not used at all. The beginner feels it not in the muscles of the neck, but old packers say they have actually got neck development and claim that extra heavy packs effect them most in the knees and the temples. The terrific pressure on the top of the head under the broad band of the tump line impedes the circulation, causing a constant pain in the blood vessels of the temples. Chamberlain is easily the leader at this strenuous work, having had years of experience at it and a physique perfectly adapted to the short but terrific strain of this class of work. He is five feet six and a half inches tall and weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds. His wonderfully developed neck, stout body and short, well-formed legs, enable him to carry a load that a man would crumple up a taller man in a moment. Some of his feats are worthy of the circulation.

When eighteen years old he carried five hundred and fifteen pounds of pork over a distance of fourteen steps, with a tump line.

In a packing contest at Elk Lake on May 24th last year he carried forty-pound sacks of flour three times round the Mattabannick block, winning easily that on the third round he was a spectator to throw on another sack that a competitor had dropped.

At Elk Lake, at Larmer Lake, for a wager, he carried the immense load of seven hundred and twenty-two pounds a distance of one hundred yards, winning \$100. This is a load that the average horse could not stand up under.

THE POET AS PENMAN

"THE POET as Penman," writes a land that would win in illegality with a famous character of Horace Greeley. The secretary of a San Francisco, which was the cause of the big story, which we find in the columns of the San Francisco Call:

"The secretary of the organization at an annual affair at which an elaborate program had been prepared for the evening, addressed a letter to Joaquin telling him of the purpose of the jinks and the character of the entertainment. He was scheduled for a recitation."

In due time, there came an answer from Joaquin, who had been waiting and covered four pages. In vain the secretary pored over the manuscript. He was a visit of Sergeant Parry to the board of directors and the members in turn, but all failed to decipher the secretary's question. He was told that "Fas Miller accepted or has declined."

The secretary finally took the matter into his own hands and addressed the following note to Miller: "My dear Mr. Miller: Your letter received, but I have been unable to decide whether you have accepted or declined our invitation. If you will be present on the date mentioned, will you please let me know by return of this letter? If it will be impossible for you to appear, will you kindly draw a line through the word 'no' in the following sentence: 'I am unable to appear.'"

In due time the letter came back, but the secretary could not decide whether it was a cross or a circle.

COUNTING THE NATION'S MONEY

THERE is now taking place at the United States Treasury the herculean task of counting every penny of the hoarded wealth of the nation. This count marks the change in the office of Treasurer of the United States, which occurred on November 5th. There is on hand in the safe and vaults at Washington approximately \$1,375,000,000. From these figures it will be seen that Uncle Sam is a little poorer than he was four years ago, at which time the total amount of national funds counted amounted to \$1,249,598,272.

It will require about three months to ascertain whether or not the government's cash on hand balances to the credit. At the end of the count, if the accounts show up all right, triplicate receipts will be issued and exchanged, one going to the Secretary of the Treasury for the archives of the government, one going to the retiring treasurer, and another to the incoming treasurer. The responsibility of the Treasurer of the United States that makes necessary a very careful balancing of accounts at a time such as this arises from the fact that this official is by law bound with the receipt and disbursement of all public moneys.

A NOTABLE HORSEMAN

C. E. G. Billings, who was in Chicago last week, on route to the Pacific coast, and during his stay in the city it was the pleasure of a man with him regarding his plans for his new trotting stall, Ulan (2:05 1/4), the holder of the world's lure of the horse has been too strong for him to resist, and he is not only back again, but, judging from the pleasure of his interest and evident pleasure which the purchase of Ulan has given him, his absence has served merely to whet his appetite.

One thing that always marked his operations in the past was his evident desire of the trotter and pacer for themselves alone. Once this passion is truly felt by a man and he has tasted the

joys of gratification, it is difficult to eradicate from his system. Especially he who has been in the habit of owning and driving world's champions finds it hard to give them up. Mr. Billings, in fact, never did so entirely, as at his disposal sale he retained the Dan Dillon (1:48 1/2), the champion of champions, and several other special favorites for his own personal use.

Besides being one of the most expert of amateur reinmen, Mr. Billings is also an equally accomplished equestrian, as he demonstrated when he rode Charley Mac to a new world's record for trotters under saddle in 1904. After retiring from the matinee and the speedways he reverted to the saddle for one of his diversions, and in a short time had collected a remarkable stable of riding horses with fast trotting records, which he used for his private pleasure.

These horses formed the nucleus of the string with which his European tour was made the past summer—and I judge that his experience upon this tour have been largely responsible for his present return to actively as an owner of champions. His horses were taken with him almost as a personal pleasure, but he has allowed them to be exhibited at the principal trotting tracks in Germany, Russia and Austria, in order that European trotting lovers might see them. The enthusiasm with which they were received astonished him. While he was well aware of the recent growth of interest in the trotter in these countries, he was unprepared for such a reception as he received when he was presented with the American trotter enjoys abroad.

A NEW BAT TWO FEET LONG

IN 1873 a great rat-like rodent, which was named Dinobus, was discovered in the Peruvian Andes. But a single specimen was found and it was preserved in the Berlin museum. Not long ago, Dr. Gould of Paris, rediscovered the dinobus in the lowlands of Brazil. Its natural habitat is now supposed to be the almost unexplored regions lying among the foothills of the Andes between Brazil, Bolivia and Peru.

The animal is described as reminding one of an immense rat, well advanced in development toward the bear. It is about two feet long, with a bushy tail nine inches long, thick-set, and has a wedding cake character in a combination of leisurely movements and supreme grace. The animal was provided for digging, but knows nothing of haste. Dr. Gould keeps a mother and her young one in a cage.

HIS Honor Judge Parry's father used to tell this story with gusto. On a visit of Sergeant Parry to the "Police Ball," at Maidstone, accompanied by his wife, the constable at the door asked the names, which were "Sergeant and Mrs. Parry."

"That was 'ot' good' enough for old man, looking at the portly figure, flung open the door and announced in a loud voice: "Mr. Inspector and Mrs. Parry."

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CHAS. MCKAY, GEO. O. DAVIS,
V. C. Clerk and Secretary.

CROSSFIELD LODGE I. O. O. F.

No. 42

Meets Every Wednesday Night in the
Oddfellows Hall at 7:30 p.m.
Visiting Brethren Welcome.
James Dryburgh, Rec. Sec.



"No Surrender," No. 1906.
Meets Tuesday on or before the Full
Moon. Visiting brethren always wel-
come.
Geo. W. Boyer, A. Wheeler,
W. M. Secy.



Court Prairie Flower No. 1157
Meets the first Saturday and third Mon-
day in the month. Visiting brethren
always welcome. For further information
write any of the brethren.
D. Outley, James Mewhort,
C. R. Rec. Sec.

Professional Cards

C. W. MOORE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Carstairs, Alberta
Will visit Crossfield every Thursday.

Dr. LARGE,

Dentist, Carstairs.
Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield,
Every Thursday.
AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE
Every Day, Except Wednesday and
Thursday.

PATENTS
PROMPTLY SECURED
We solicit the business of Manufacturers,
Engineers and others who realize the advantage
of having their Patent business transacted
by experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges
moderate. Our Inventor's Advice sent upon
request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg.,
Manhattan and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

For Quick Sale of Real Estate
IN THE

Acme District

List Your Property With
McClain & May,
ACME, - ALTA.
TAPSCOTT, P. O.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES
Insurance placed in Best Companies.
We have some fine farm lands for sale
and invite prospective purchasers to give
us a call.

DISC
SHARPENING.

Now is the time to bring your Discs
to be sharpened at

JOHN FREW'S

Shoeing Forge.

The
Crossfield Chronicle

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 per year in
advance; or \$1.50 if not paid in advance.
Published at the Chronicle office, at
Crossfield, Alberta, each Friday.

RATES

Transient advertisements, 50 cents per
each first insertion; and 25 cents for
each subsequent insertion. Payable in
advance.

Business locals 10 cents per line first
insertion; and 5 cents per line each sub-
sequent insertion.

Legal advertisements, 12 cents per line
for first insertion; and 8 cents each sub-
sequent insertion.

Commercial contract rates upon applica-
tion.

E. M. SEAGER,

Editor.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1909.

Do Not Forget

Competition enters into the life
of a town even in the same manner as
it does into that of an individual. Any
town that does not exhibit a
progressive, business like manner in
the conducting of its affairs is bound to
eventually be left behind in the race for
precedence.

The inevitable result of such in-
competence is injury to the town,
townspeople and their businesses. It
shows itself in the ceasing of im-
provements, standstill, depreciation of
real estate, and building operations
become a thing of the past. Strangers
locate at other points where the live
progressive nature of the town and in-
habitants heralds the rapid approach of
the comforts, conveniences and opportuni-
ties of modern-day civilization.

Make the town a trading point
for the surrounding country, keep up
good roads, carry out all things
necessary to make the place an at-
tractive marketing point for farmers
and you will reap the benefit. Let
the surrounding country know what
you have to offer. Money spent in
the catering to the trade upon which
you depend will not invite failure.
It will bring business, and even
more, it will hold trade. If you sit
down and say nothing how can the
country know you are out for busi-
ness. If you do not welcome your
patrons, try to please them by your
"up-to-date-ness"—well, who is to
blame if they go elsewhere?

Editorial Notes.

A New York typewriter girl has
established a record of 73 words a
minute. Exactly, we murmur, but
writing or talking?

"An observing person," says a
writer, "can read the character of a
woman from the hat she wears." This
being the case we might say that
it also applies to men for we have
frequently noticed a ten dollar hat
on a ten cent head.

Brother Honey, of the Sedgewick,
Sentinel bewails the non-advertis-
ing proclivities of the merchants of
his town. Brother, many good
towns are looking for a newspaper
and realize its value. If you have
"hit" a nest of "deadheads" you
had better locate a trail to some
"live" place. Do not waste your
time. Do not wait until the town
dies and drags you into the list of
"has beens" with it.

Even in Calgary the councillors
do not always turn out to meetings.
On Monday when an insignificant
matter, namely the power question,
was to be discussed only the mayor
and two aldermen put in an appear-
ance. Result—Nothing done. Is
it not like any village council meet-
ing? Perhaps the aldermen did not

come because—we hate to say it—we
won't say it. Wonder if the
aldermen still ride free on the "cow
town" cars?

Last week we copied an item from
an eastern exchange recording how a
man on his way to prayer meeting
was bitten by a muskrat. It was only
a joke, but had a peculiar sequel.
On Sunday evening while two young
people were on their way to church
they were attacked by an enraged
muskrat and had a hard time to drive
the animal off.—Inland Province.

There is nothing very strange about
that in our opinion. Why only
about a year ago a farmer living
near Didsbury did not get home to
his wife until five o'clock in the
morning owing to his having to take
refuge up a telephone post in order
to escape from a couple of tigers.
We know this to be true because
the man's wife told us of it herself.

DID HE GET THE JOB?

The following application was re-
ceived by the secretary of the
Strathcona town council for the po-
sition of night watchman and sanitary
inspector. The letter was addressed to
His Honor the Mayor of Strathcona,
and ran as follows.

Gentlemen: I have been told
you need now good man for police-
man and sanitary officer; and fellow
Turnbull quit his job. I can
that job now taking pretty soon.
Am old 41 year, heavy 177 pounds,
no married, have childrens none,
just mother, that's all. Can Polish
good speaker, German too, can all
talk speak, am more strong than
any policemen in Strathcona. Can
policemen easy thrown down.

Never before have Government
job, just one time try for job turpene-
r for immigrants. Can all
night walk on street, no sleep, only
little in day time; that's all. Not
much drunken, just sometimes beer.
Hot weather maybe just two drinks
taken. I make before application
and you no answer give me yet. I can
strong unit my hands lift. I can
all peoples make clean it up manure
piles, and ashes, something like that
in spring time. I been now this
country in 16 years, got in Strath-
cona four lots, always my taxes pay
quick. Good bye.

AIRDRIE.

Mr. Wm. Holmes visited Calgary
on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elsie visited Lac-
ombe this week.

Mr. Eldridge is kept busy these
days enforcing the pound law.

Mrs. Chas. Crist, of Calgary, is
visiting her sister, Mrs. Art. Olson.

Mr. Wm. Pole, of Morrison & Pole
visited Lethbridge on business this
week.

Mr. Russell Hatt, of Kent, Wash.,
brother of Mr. Geo. Hatt is in town
and will remain for the winter.

We regret to report that L. W.
Fox is confined to his bed in Calgary
with a threatened attack of pneumonia.

Owing to poor attendance the
Presbyterians have decided to dis-
continue the holding of services for
the present.

The auction sale of Mr. Chisholm's
stock, implements, household effects
will take place on his farm, half a
mile west of Airdrie, on Tuesday,
December 14th at 10 a.m.

Mr. James McCormack and Mr.
Wm. Hobbs left last week on an ex-
tended visit to Galesburg, Ill. In
the meantime Thomas Farr is acting
chef at the McCormack home.

Jasper, son of Rev. and Mrs.
Johnson, has been confined to his
bed for several days on account of
his rupturing the wound recently
made while undergoing an operation
for appendicitis.

The cold weather of the past few
days has put the hockey team in-
side. The mercury while not low,
only reaching 15 below, was more
felt on account of the wind and it
being the first cold snap of the sea-
son.

Mr. Harry Glover is taking a va-
cation and visiting his old eastern
home. Dame Rumor says—well
the boys will watch closely for his
return so as to make sure that the
expected has happened. Harry re-
turned alone!

The school is closed on account
of an outbreak of German measles.
These steps were taken in order to
prevent any serious epidemic break-
ing out, although at present the
cases are all in the country and of a
very mild nature.

Mr. F. C. Bohanman, who was
kicked by a horse several weeks ago,
with the result that a bone was splin-
tered, is home again after undergoing
an operation. While he is still very
lame we are pleased to report that
his ultimate recovery is assured!

A deal by which Messrs. Farr
and Jenkins took over the building
occupied by them was put through
on Saturday. We were unable to
ascertain the figure paid but the
building is a two story one and the
property consists of two lots. The
location is a most desirable one and
the purchasers are to be congratula-
ted.

Alberta
Hotel

Good
Accommodation
Reasonable
Rates

Geo. Stratton
Proprietor

Who Says
Wall Paper?

We have some excellent wall
paper selling from 8 to 20c.
per roll.
Four books of samples to
choose from.
We can do everything in the
painting line.

Buggies and Signs a Specialty

SACKETT & BRUELS
CROSSFIELD.



CHAS. DICKENS
(From Edinburgh)
WATCHMAKER
331
8th Ave. East,
Calgary.

"Just below The
Queens"
Watches etc., received in Crossfield, by
E. J. Benton, Barber.

COAL

\$2.00 Per Ton.

We have leased our coal
mine on Sec. 19-29-5 west of
the 5th, to Robert Dunsinuir,
one of the best coal miners in
Alberta. All coal will be
screened and put out in first
class shunk. A 100 ft. barn and
build house has also been
built for the use of patrons.

SIMON DOWNIE & SONS
CARSTAIRS.

Are You a Reader?

If you are one who derives the usual amount of pleasure from reading the following
remarkable offers should appeal both to your literary and bargain gaining instincts.

The Edmonton Morning Journal for one year	\$4.00
The Edmonton Evening Journal for one year	\$4.00
The Edmonton Weekly Journal for one year	\$1.50
The Weekly Grain Growers' Guide for one year	\$1.75
Farm Crops until January 1st, 1911	\$1.50
The Calgary Daily News for one year	\$1.50
Semi-weekly Bulletin & Toronto Weekly Globe, one year	\$2.25
Semi-weekly Bulletin & Toronto Weekly Mail, one year	\$2.25
Semi-weekly Bulletin & Winnipeg Free Press, one year	\$2.25
Semi-weekly Bulletin & Western Home Monthly, a year	\$2.25
Semi-weekly Bulletin & Family Herald, one year	\$2.40
Semi-weekly Bulletin & Winnipeg Telegram, a year	\$2.50
The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal	\$2.25
The Nor'-West Farmer	\$1.75
The Western Home Monthly	\$1.25
Winnipeg Daily Free Press for one year	\$2.75
Winnipeg Weekly Free Press, for one year	\$1.50
Winnipeg Weekly Telegram, for one year	\$1.75
The Calgary Weekly Herald for one year	\$1.75
The Calgary Daily Herald, for one year	\$3.00

These are genuine bargains. Subscribe now
and get a supply of good reading for the winter
months. Watch the "Ad" for further offers.

Get Busy. Subscribe Now.

Storyettes

COUNTRY Opera Director—"What do you think of our tenor?"
Stranger—"If I were I'd hire him out as an imitator of the phonograph."

RETURNED Explorer—"Yes, the cold was so intense at the Pole we had to be very careful not to pet our dogs."

Miss Youngthing—"Indeed! Why was that?"
Returned Explorer—"You see, their tails were frozen stiff, and if they wagged them they would break off."

YOUNG Featherly—"Oh Shakespeare's plays I think I prefer 'Richelieu'."

Miss Clara—"Er—but Shakespeare did not write 'Richelieu,' Mr. Featherly."

Young Featherly (with a amused smile)—"Ah! I see, Miss Clara, you are one of the few left who believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. I wonder if the question will ever be satisfactorily settled."

E. ELIZABETH's mother did not teach her little daughter much that she should have learned about religion nor did the father.

The other day a guest said to the little girl—
"Elizabeth, does your father say grace at the table?"

"What grace?" returned the girl, innocently.
"What for what you have to eat," replied Elizabeth, now enlightened, "we don't have to thank anyone for what we have—we always pay cash."

I UNDERSTAND that you called on the plaintiff," cross-examined the youthful counsel. "Is that quite correct?"

"It is, sir," answered the witness—"quite correct."

"And what did he say?" demanded the inquirer.

The counsel for the defense jumped to his feet. He objected, m'bud, very strongly objected to this conversation being admitted as evidence. Half an hour's heated controversy ensued. Then the judge retired to his private room to discuss the point with counsel.

Two hours later they filed back into the court room, and announced their decision. Yes; the youthful counsel might put his question.

"Well," repeated the inquirer triumphantly, "and what did the plaintiff say?"

"Nothing," came back the answer, without a tremor. "He wasn't at home."

FRANK Lockwood's baster was excellent, and always good-humored. I recalled him cross-examining a detective in a divorce case. The witness was dressed in velvet cut broadcloth, seals hung from his fob; he might have passed for a country banker or solicitor of the old style.

Sir Frank (very politely): "I believe you are a member of the eminent firm of detectives, Messrs. Black & Co.?"

Witness: "Yes, sir, I represent that firm."

Sir Frank: "And I presume, in the course of your professional duties, you have to assume many disguises?"

Witness: "Yes, sir."

Sir Frank: "Pray, may I ask what you are disguised as now?"

YOU could tell from his hair that he was a musician, or something of the sort.

"Yes," he said to the company at large, "the greatest tenor in the land once paid me the biggest compliment I could wish."

"Oh!" remarked someone interrogatively.

"It was like this: I sang without an accompaniment—I always have trouble with accompaniment—they're so unsympathetic, you know—and at the end of the song he said to me—

"Do you know, when you began without an accompaniment, I was surprised; when I heard you, I was astonished; and when you sat down, I was delighted!"

And the sun shone down and lit up the youth's beaming smile of satisfaction.

ISN'T your hat rather curious in shape?" asked the uninformed man. "Certainly," answered his wife. "It has to be. Any hat that wasn't curious in shape would look queer."

SHE—"How far can your ancestry be traced?"

He—"Well, when my father resigned his position a scabber of a country bank they traced him as far as China, but he got away."

A MINISTER, having walked through a village churchyard and observed the indiscriminate practices bestowed upon the dead, wrote upon the gate-post the following—

"Here lie the dead, and here the living lie."

HERE, I say! but more careful with that 'vase'; that's the second time you've cut me."

"Well, so it is; but there! I always deduct a ha'penny for every cut. Why, it's nothing for a man to go out of here having four pence of me."

DOES your boy, Josh, know anything about running a farm?"

"Well," answered Mr. Corn-tossel, "he shows signs of being qualified for some branches of the work. Him and I had quite a talk last night. He ain't very well posted on platin' an' fertilizin', but what he don't know about money note an' mortgage ain't worth mentionin'."

BRIGHT, who had administered the culinary affairs of the Morne household for many years, was sometimes torn between her devotion to her mistress and loyalty to the duties of the house.

"Brideg," said Mrs. Morne, in a tone of wonder after inspecting the store-room, "where have those splendid red apples gone that I saw here yesterday?"

"Well, now, ma'am," said poor Brideg, "I couldn't rightly say, but I'm thinking if you were to find out what my master's butting fingers are likely then four red apples would be right right on top of it, an' I'm only afraid the little inside can stand the strain."

THE OLD FISHERY OF NEW-FOUNDLAND.

It's six an' twenty Sundays since last we saw the land
With fifteen hundred quintal,
Five hundred quintal,
Ten hundred toppin' quintal
'Twixt old Quebec an' Grand Banks.

FISHING has been the principal industry of Newfoundland since the days when John Cabot, in his little bark, first set his exploratory eyes upon its green shores in 1497. He took back to England stories of the rich and fertile fisheries of the island, and the waters, and very rapidly the herring fisheries of the West Coast of the island became the most famous of the world. The value of these fisheries was well known to the Elizabethans, so famous, indeed, that Lord Bacon immortalized it in his essays in the words: "The old mine of the Newfoundland fishery, richer than the famous treasures of Golconda and Peru."

Of these several kinds of fishing which are followed by the Newfoundland craft—cod, herring, capelin, and even whale—that of cod-fishing is the most important and provides the largest revenue. In the old days the Colonies' fisheries form the greater portion of trade. In the year ending June 30, 1904, the value of the fisheries was \$10,824,705 in this case, including the fish used in human consumption and for export, or nearly 80 per cent. of the total exports of the country. Of this amount \$5,940,962 was obtained from dry cod, \$34,922 from fresh cod, and \$43,056 from pickled cod. In 1905-6 the fish exports amounted in value to \$8,215,587, or 68.8 per cent. of the whole exports of Britain's oldest colony. The price of the fish has increased in recent years, despite the increased catch, as will be seen from the following table—

Price per Total
Year Quintals quintal value
1876 1,068,471 \$4.81 \$5,118,201
1905-06 1,481,025 \$5.31 \$7,904,739

The great fishing grounds of Newfoundland lie around the shores of the island and of Labrador, though some fishing is carried on in the Grand Bank. But the Grand Bank is open to the fishermen of any nation, while the shore waters are, of course, the sole property of the Colony. The Grand Bank stretches out to sea for a considerable distance to the south and east of the Peninsula of Avalon. It has an area, roughly speaking, of 75,000 square miles, with a depth of water varying from fifteen to one hundred fathoms. Its waters, and in fact all the territorial waters of Newfoundland, teem with very small jelly fish of different species. Upon these the cod and other fish feed, and it is their presence that the valuable fisheries are probably due. The relative proportion of the Bank and shore fisheries are shown in the fact that in 1904 against the 101 vessels engaged in the cod fishery on the Banks, there were 518 on the Labrador, and about 2,000 in the coast fisheries.

The fishing is carried on with all the picturesque that attends the har-

vest of the seas the world over. The little fishing smacks are manned with a crew of about half a dozen men besides the captain, the cook and the ubiquitous ship's boy. Each vessel is equipped with several "dories," or small flat-bottomed boats, from which the catches are sometimes made. Other vessels use the trawl, while trap nets are also set. Each vessel on arrival at the fishing grounds where cod are likely to be found, tests the waters round her with lines.

If the fish bite well and rapidly, the dories are put out, and lie round the vessel like a school of starfish, for a while, but at a distance of a mile or so. At the close of the day, or when the dory is full, the men return to their floating dory. The fish are hung into a pen on deck from the dory, and then, before any rain is obtainable, are cleaned, salted, and packed in the hold. The scene usually taking place at night time, it is a wonderfully interesting one. If it is a moonlight night the fish in the pen glitter like a heap of silver, the cleaning knives flash in the cold light, and the fish, as they are passed from hand to hand, seem to be an endless chain of living light. One man picks up the cod and slits them from the throat downwards and sticks each side of the neck. The second detaches the liver, which falls into a basket, and sends the head and fins to a third, who, with a third tear to the backbone, and the fish, headless, gutted, and cleaned, is passed to a fourth.

Down in the hold, where the cod are then pitched, salt is rubbed into the fish, and the fish are dried out. Until the hold is filled, and the vessel has completed her catch, the continual dredging continues. A quintal is a basket measure running to between forty and fifty bushels, and is only suspended when the waves run too high to allow of the use of the dories. The Grand Banks are famous for their fish, but these will not suspend work, communication being kept up with the little dories by ringing out the signal intervals. Life on the Grand Banks is full of danger from frequent storms, the danger of the dories running down by some record-breaking liner, or a wallowing merchantman.

Very frequently a hundred or more vessels will be fishing in the same ground. The wide heaving seas are then dotted on either side of the compass with anchored schooners, making a feast of white foam of the white of sail and hull. All around them the little dories—looking like pin-points in a vast sea—are at work, the dories and white, and cat-calls to each other in the lightness of their hearts. These Grand Banks are absent from port for several months, an daring that time the schooners are the rough and tumble of the dorying districts.

In the case of the shore fisheries, the boats visit land much more frequently, but much the same conditions obtain. The fish in this case are dried on racks on the shore.

The industry of the shore fisheries is of the scope for development. At present most of the exports are sent away as "dry cod." The opportunity offered for the "packing" of the cod in small, cheap tins, as is done with salmon on the Pacific coast. It must be remembered that the raw material—the fish themselves—are splendid, and that the home market is large. What is needed to make the Newfoundland fisheries more famous still is the introduction of modern methods of curing and packing. If these were applied a sound and permanent business would be established, and a greater reputation obtained for the oldest Colony of the Empire.

The Horseman

CANADIANS may well feel proud of the showing made by horses from this country at the big Horse show which was concluded recently at Madison Square Garden.

In the classes for Clydesdales Messrs. Graham Bros. of Clarence, fairly spruce at the boards, and the same may be said of the classes for jumpers, where Messrs. Crow & Murray, and George Popper, were very much in the limelight. The Hon. Adam Beck was also prominent.

Miss Wilks won a decisive victory when her handsome trotting stallion Mogravia, by Moko, won the blue in the class for trotting stallions kept for service. It was the largest class for trotters shown in the Garden for many years, and the first event of the show in which every entry was brought into the ring.

Besides the victory of Mogravia Miss Wilks also scored notable wins with her three-year-old fillies, Okum Belle and Moko Bird, the former being an owner sister to the champion stallion Mogravia.

Dr. Andrew Smith and Mr. Robert Graham, the gentlemen from this country who acted in the capacity of judges at the show, performed their duties most acceptably, which was only to be expected, as they are two of the most capable judges in the country.

At last, here and there, men who have spent years in the endeavor to make ends meet racing harness horses for the benefit of the associations are awakening to that fact and coming to the conclusion that they are putting up the money and have been the "suckers," to use the phrase.

Is the time not ripe for an association of owners to be formed in an endeavor to compel more equitable rules and regulations that have been in force for many a decade?

There is not the slightest use or chance in paying every one on a pacer nowadays unless he can go three times in 2:05 over a mile track, or a trotter that can make the mile in under three minutes around 2:10.

It is quite true that many horses earn good paying dividends with slower marks by racing over the half-mile tracks for small purses, but when the season is closed and all summed up after deducting the enormous expense, but very little will be left as a matter of profit to the owner.

Three hundred dollar purses net to the winner of first money one hundred and twenty dollars. By the time the expenses are paid, it will take nearly the \$100 and the \$20 is left to the owner. To pay his hotel bill, railway fare, etc., for the pleasure of seeing his favorite horse race.

The entry fees alone, combined with the amount paid by bookmakers to the association for the first money, is more than pays the whole purse. The association gets the gate receipts and the bookmaker gets the profits from the public "suckers."

The horse that outclasses all the rest clears his expenses and the rest of the owners have paid their money for the privilege of holding a race meeting.

Then every side came the tramp of thousands of feet. In an instant the darkness was dotted with rosy points of light, which guided the wanderers through the streets.

The noise was spread, and raids on the tobacconists were organized. Thank heaven, the supply of Buck-Eyes was equal to the occasion. And thousands of weary and footsore pedestrians wended their way homeward lit by the cheerful rays of a Buck-Eye.

The worst was over, and Winnipeg breathed again.

to \$2,000 for permission to lay odds to the public.

Aside from the bookmaker, the association, usually three or four gentlemen who pay a small fee to the American Trotting Association to be called such and such a turf association, with no guarantee or security of any kind, that their purses will be paid, other than the fact that if they don't the parent association will not allow horses to start over that track until they pay up.

Again, they can declare off any and all races for weather or other cause, and the owner can pay his expenses and ship away.

You can make an entry any time before or after the time entries are advised to close, and the writer could cite many cases where such has been and is repeatedly being done.

Even an agent going around from track to track inducing the breaking of the very rules which they ought to uphold, and being paid good commissions for every one secured, legal or illegal.

Then when the entry maybe does not start, it makes no difference, right or wrong, rule owner and horse off until he pays up and ten per cent. extra to the head association to keep the game that the very horseowners themselves are building for.

No wonder that Myron McLenry, "the demon of the horse stretch," in years gone by, writes of the conditions.

And these are the very conditions every horse owner in the country is going against, and yet has not the courage to oppose.

The Grand Circuit this past season was a failure and the promoters wonder why. They need not wonder. Just let them get into the game. Invest in one of these many good bargains which have been offered in the many sales this month held in Chicago, New York, and other places, turn the animal over to the selected trainer and next year go along down the circuit, paying the expenses, five per cent. to entry and five per cent. from winners, balance up at the end of the year and the bookmaker has all the money.

Why? Because the association cannot make it pay and cannot even hold a race meeting unless they have the bookmaker's long fees added to the owners' entries, to pay the purses.

The admission fees of the public are expected to go to the few members that constitute the turf association for their time and trouble.

LEARN THE BARBER TRADE
Only eight weeks required. Free Tools
Positions secured at \$14 to \$20 per week.
Wonderful demand for barbers. Call or write for Free Illustrated Catalogue.
Call and see Canada's largest and finest Barber Shop.
MOTER BARBER COLLEGE
222 Pacific Ave. Winnipeg

BUCK EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 9

When the Lights Went Out

"It's all over the city," said Central with a sob in his voice, as her trembling fingers sought the sockets in the switchboard.

The city was in darkness. A funeral pall had come down like a thunder clap. Every factory was still. In the houses, the inhabitants waited breathless for a resumption of the light. The streets were in darkness and customers paused at the act of selecting their wares, stricken blind, as it were, in a moment.

Only in the north-end of the city was there any symptom of the strenuous life. The goods were being sold by street-lights. For five minutes the community sat stunned. Then arose a clamor of enquiry and consternation.

The power was off. Blank despair seized upon the people. Silence reigned. Then the distance was heard a sound. The noise came nearer. Louder grew the shouts. Cries of joy were heard on all sides.

In an instant the darkness was dotted with rosy points of light, which guided the wanderers through the streets. The noise was spread, and raids on the tobacconists were organized. Thank heaven, the supply of Buck-Eyes was equal to the occasion. And thousands of weary and footsore pedestrians wended their way homeward lit by the cheerful rays of a Buck-Eye.

The worst was over, and Winnipeg breathed again.

P.S.—When things seem blackest, when hope is gone, when the darkness of despair overwhelms you, buy a Buck-Eye; and in its fragrance forget all your troubles.

JUST TEN CENTS

Have you heard the LATEST SONG??

It's among our new double records.

VICTOR, EDISON, COLUMBIA

AND HORNLESS ORCHESTRETTES

Own one of these and you can hear more famous selections in your own home. Ask Local Agent or your dealer will bring free catalogue.

Nordheimer & SONS, LTD.
(Established 1890)
Factory Warehouses: 333 Baitage Ave., Winnipeg.
Everything in Musical Supplies.

DAME FASHION'S DECREES

As clothes go, zibeline is expensive, but, having the ready wherewithal, you will, for elegance, see that you wear it. To the ton it has all the seductiveness, again, it is extolled in appearance it closely resembles a close-cut silk plush. And yet all the time it is cloth, worked up in a particular manner. Among the chic tailor-mades recently executed

which will not crack or crinkle. In a word, the most noticeable feature of the newest hats is their solidity and utility. At a smart millinery establishment that I visited the other day there was not a single hat which gave a suggestion of summer. Some bridesmaids' hats of old rose velvet, if it is true, were trimmed with wreaths of flowers, but the flowers were of silk and the wreaths of valveteen.

A note may be made of those bridesmaids' hats, since they were of a shape that holds a trap for the unwary woman—they dipped to a point her front and turned up with a sharp curve at the side. Now, it is a well-known fact that every woman thinks she can wear a hat of this particular shape, just as she thinks she can wear anything in the way of a toque. No delusion could be more fatal from the view of becomingness. To prove this, let any reader look around on the wearers of the tricorn hats, which, in one aspect or another, is the shape of the season. How many styles of faces does it really suit—not one in ten. A young girl with a delicate little tilt in her nose can wear a pointed toque and be at her very best because of the contrast; but her elder sister, whose nose has a decided upward trend, will accentuate the defect by wearing the same hat. Again, the woman with the sharp-pointed face will make herself look positively cadaverous in headgear which has the same line as her chin.

The new hats are not only inclined to be tricorn in shape, but the trimming is disposed so as to call attention to the characteristic—high, pointed wings jutting out abruptly on one side, gold passementerie buckles which go across the front of the crown and catch up the sides of the brim, large velvet rosettes placed on each side of the pointed front with drooping ends which fall over the ear, are a few of the favorite styles to be seen on the new hats. Luckily, however, for the woman who prefers what is becoming to what is the latest, there are numerous varieties of toques to choose from: she can have a round crown with a small brim going up higher on one side than on the other, she can have it flatter, in velvet, or in coarse-ribbed silk; she can have it small enough to fit closely to her head, or she can have it large enough to hide her forehead with the hair; she can have it will be equally smart trimmed with some self-colored cord and tiny tassels and bobbins, or with a panache of ostrich feathers. Whatever her choice, it is to be hoped she will remember that a sense of proportion between the size of her hat and the size of her face is the first essential of becomingness.

THE SPIDER'S LIFE-LINE

DURING some recent investigations of spider life a Washington scientist gained some interesting knowledge concerning the ingenuity of a spider.

It had become necessary in the course of the experiment to employ a basin wherein a stick was fastened upright like a mast. Enough water was placed in the basin to convert the little stick into the only point of safety for the spider.

The spider was placed on the mast. As soon as he was fairly isolated he anxiously commenced to run to find the basin. He would scamper forward, touch the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick to try the other side, and then run back to the top.

As it very soon became plain to the spider that his position was an extremely delicate one, he sat down to think it over. Suddenly he seemed to have an idea. Up he went, like a rocket, to the top of the mast, where he began a series of gymnastics. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round many times. By this time he was thoroughly excited, much to the perplexity of the scientist, who began

THE LURKING DEATH

EVERY war has its weird, unwritten chapters. An incident of the camp-fire of veterans, North and South, still told some of the most thrilling tales of the great Civil War. The minds and hearts of the pensioners of France are still warmed, on the long winter evenings, by the tales and songs of the lost provinces. Soldiers of the "Legion," in picturesque slang recite advanced tales which would delight any amateur of history. Also, there occasionally comes to light, in parchment documents, some old letters, or the legends of the very aged, old stories about the American War of Independence. One of the oldest of these is the story of "The Haunted Forest." It deserves preservation.

It should be remembered, says the old narrative, that much of this glorious conflict was in the nature of a hunt rather than a military campaign.

"If you fight with art," said Washington to his soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for retreat and the uniformity of command action, and your country will prove the best of engineers."

So true was the maxim that the English soldiers had to contend with little else. The Americans had enlisted many Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a great way to which their habits of life and the wild woodcraft peculiarly fitted them. They acted as scouts, they were impenetrable forest and swamps, and, with their arrows and tomahawks, made daily inroads on the red-coated army, surprising its sentinels, cutting off its stragglers. Even when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced they fled with a swiftness that defied the speed of cavalry and found safety in rocky fastnesses, whither the English could not follow.

In order to limit, as far as possible, this species of guerrilla warfare, it was the custom of every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station sentinels some miles in the woods, and to keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment was at this time stationed upon the confines of a great, heavily wooded swamp. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body lying near the coast. The sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from its ranks, and the service of this regiment was the most hazardous of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The sentinels were perpetually surprised by the Indians, and were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm or being heard of after they had lurked away for hours. The wooded swamp came to be called "The Haunted Forest."

One evening, after a terrible day, sentinels disappeared, but not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been overpowered. The sentinels were upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared on the leaves and grass. Some officers imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets and communicated the alarm to the neighboring posts. Others, who could not be brought to rank it as a treachery, were content to consider it as a mystery which time alone could unravel.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great, but the thing had occurred before. They left another man and departed, wishing him better luck.

"You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert!"

The relief company returned to the guard-house.

The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and at the appointed time the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the man was gone!

They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was now necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied. They were compelled to leave another man, and returned to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The colonel, being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time they all marched together, and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of this repeated disappearance of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed improbable that the discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The colonel, however, decided that it was the station, though a man in other respects brave enough, trembled from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will."

A volunteer immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. "I will not be taken alive," he said, "if you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events, I will die if I hear the least noise. If a bird screams, a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take the risk as the condition of the discovery."

The colonel applauded his courage,

and told him he was right. His comrades shook hands with him, and they never expected to see him again.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was alert for the change of the music of the bell, when suddenly the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied by the colonel and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing toward them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair. When they came up with him, it was seen that the victim was an Indian.

"Told you," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. That saved my life. I hadn't been long on the post when I heard a rustling up with him. I was so excited that I took of those wild hogs, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the trees and among the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I didn't pay much attention to it at first. But, being on the constant alarm, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a source of danger, I finally kept my eyes fixed on it, and marked its progress among the trees. As there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter."

"It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making a clearing in the forest, and the coppice immediately behind my post. My comrades, thought I, 'will laugh at me for alarming myself at a pig!' I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thickets, I thought I would give it an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated. I saw my aim, fired, and the animal was instantly struck dead. There was a groan which I knew at once to be that of a human creature. I had killed an Indian! He had crept up to the edge of the skin of one of these wild hogs so close and completely, his hands and feet were so entirely concealed by its hair and his gait and appearance were so exactly those of the animal, that I had seen through the disguise, but could not be penetrated."

The dead Indian had been armed with a dagger and a tomahawk. The mystery of the lurking death was solved.

THE KING AND THE BIRDS

ONE Christmas morning many years ago the King of Sweden was returning by a clearing in the forest, when he noticed great flocks of small birds circling about in the air above him. The little feathered creatures were uttering shrill cries, and seemed to be flying hither and thither without any fixed purpose.

The king spoke to his coachman about it, and asked him the cause of the commotion among the birds. The coachman, who was of the peninsula, explained that the king the birds had been driven from the fields and forests by hunger, being unable to secure food. The king's feathers were so close that they were uttering shrill cries, and seemed to be flying hither and thither without any fixed purpose.

The king listened attentively to the old coachman's recital, and then told him to drive as quickly as possible to the palace. Upon arriving there, the king sent for the chief steward, and directed him to have the largest sheet of white in the royal wardrobe brought to a tall pole, after which the pole was to be erected in front of the palace, that the little birds might be free from pangs of hunger no longer, and that their Christmas be made a happy one. The king's instructions were obeyed out, and all day long the birds made music in the air.

The hundreds of holiday merry-makers passing the palace stopped to gaze upon the human sight. The king, at the king's at was named quickly from one to another, and by nightfall it was a great throng of people, and even found its way into some of the near-by rural districts.

It was a day of the year, in many sections of the great Scandinavian peninsula, when the wheat harvest was over, and the farmers always make one particularly large sheaf, which is known as the "King's sheaf." The custom perpetuates the custom inaugurated by the king many years ago. On Christmas morn, as old and young, rich and poor, journey to their respective places of worship, they are greeted everywhere with the huge sheaves of wheat, surrounded by the chirping and twittering little feathered creatures, calling to the minds of the older folk how, in childhood, their parents had told them the story, and they in turn had taken their delight in relating to their own little ones the origin of the legend of "The King and the Birds."

At the death of the Duke of Wellington the whole diplomatic corps was invited to the funeral at St. Paul's. The French ambassador, on receiving his invitation, was very much upset. He hurried off to his colleague of Russia, Baron Brunnow, and confided to him the difficulty in which he was placed. The queen," he said, "expects us to go to St. Paul's to the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. How can I go, considering the injuries which the duke inflicted on my country? What shall I do?" Baron Brunnow took great interest in the duke's position and then replied: "As the duke is dead," he said, "I think you can go to the funeral, and if the queen asks to attend his reinterment, I should say refuse the invitation."

G. A. KING, GLOBE TROTTER.

is walking from Montreal to Vancouver, 2800 miles, on Catnap Rubber Heels. Left Montreal on Oct. 23rd, passed through the city of Ottawa on Nov. 10th. When will he reach Vancouver? 10th prices offered nearest Gossamer. Contact is free. He is in good luck and receive prize cash. Address Dept. D, Walpole Rubber Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Old Rose Crepe de Chine Gown With Crystal and Gold Embroidery

There was a light-tone green zibeline cloth, trimmed black silk braid, the coat finishing with a collar of aluminum net, embroidered in black and gold. Zibeline, again, is exceptionally effective in blackberry-purple, and those strange dull yellows just now accounted of such particular cachet, relieved by touches of black.

Then about velveteens. No woman, however fastidious, need fight shy of this clever substitute for the time-honored velvet. Couturiers who a year or so ago would have held up hands of horror before the suggestion of velveteen are this year positively advocating it in preference to velvet. The better qualities, which approximately range from one dollar a yard, are extraordinarily light and supple, and the blacks in these superior productions leave nothing to be desired. A beautiful turned-out coat and skirt of black velveteen, enhanced by effectively adjusted black silk braid and coarse hand-embroidery of vegetable silk, or, what is now frequently substituted, strands of wool held down with silk stitches, can be trusted to face with calm almost any social vicissitude.

Delightful little three-piece costumes are also most successful arranged in velveteen, the gown built on Princess, with a corsage that resolves into some transparency or lace. A tasteful example illustrating the trend is revealed in the accompanying model, an inspiration of the Maison Rodouan, Rue St. Honore, Paris. This is expressed in soft grey velveteen, trimmed grey embroidery. The shapely fichu movement is of the white Chantilly lace, veiled in grey mousseline de soie, while the vest is of grey tulle and embroidery.

It is necessary to have an entre into the most exclusive emporiums to realize the rare beauties of the embroideries introduced on the gowns and crepe de chine evening gowns. The mingling of crystal and silver bugles with aluminum thread and mock stones, such as topaz, sapphire, emerald, and effulgent great cabochons, disclose a wealth of artistic inspiration. The most cherished of these evening confections are simple in the extreme, although, perhaps, a trifle disposed to be ostentatious in the matter of the décolletage, which is usually of the simplest description, as are also the incidental sleeves, these growing smaller and smaller and beautifully less. Indeed, there is more to a hat that the subsequent end will be the bare arm once again from shoulder to wrist.

On the decorative beauties of the metal-embroidered net one could write a tome! And these are rapidly superseding bucked chiffon and lace for the still inevitable little chemise. A black cloth morning gown, destined for wear beneath a fur coat, looked particularly well-arranged with a broad American pleat over either shoulder, and cut away at the throat in one of the favorite wide squares, ornamented beneath in a pointed scroll design with fine black braid and silk embroidery, while the hiatus thus left was filled in with black net worked in copper and aluminum metal thread.

Personally, I am not dreadfully enamored of aluminum employed alone and close to the face. It is inclined to make the skin look yellow by comparison with its cold, dead hue; whereas, mingled with the copper tints, that impression is quite dispersed. These metal productions at their best are rather dear—pieces worth about two dollars a yard; but they are well worth the outlay, as they are so innocently effective, and a very little goes a long way.

THE WINTER HAT

THE winter hat which at the present moment we see on exhibition at the various select retailers differs in one great particular from the hat we have been accustomed to wear for many seasons past—it is a winter hat. It is something reasonable, unsplendid, and appropriate. Gone are the mixtures of straw, flosses, chiffons, and furs which turned November into June so far as our headgear was concerned. Once again we can face rain and hail with a hat

Cerise Velvet Gown with Cloth Applique

to wonder what the spider had discovered. Finally it was apparent that the clever little fellow had found that draught of air caused by an open window would carry a line across whereby he could escape from his perilous position. Accordingly he pushed out a thin thread that went floating in the air and fastened it until at last it caught on a nearby table. Then the ingenious spider hauled on his rope till it was tight, struck it several times to secure it, and then he was strong enough to hold his weight, and then walked ashore. The scientist decided that he was entitled to his liberty.

Transient Advertisements

Wanted

At the office of publication of this periodical the following—advertisements subscriptions, job work and news items.

You will do well to see D. K. Fike before you sell hogs to anyone else. Lives sec. 4, tp. 29 R. 2 west of 5th or Crossfield, P.O. 14148p

Strayed

Strayed a chance to make money from my hands last week. I did not use the Chronicle columns. Finder, please return to Merchant Mousback, Nobunness Corners.

For Sale or Exchange

Clyde Colts suitable for work horses, 4 years old. Will sell or trade for breaking. R. L. Boyle, Crossfield.

For Sale

Three lots, centrally located in town first class for building. Can be had cheap. H. T. Glover, Airline. 15m

Brands

James Robertson, Crossfield. Cattle branded on left ribs. Aug. 14.

Why let your letters go astray when printed stationery costs but little more than unprinted. Brand your envelopes. One hundred envelopes printed at this office will space out for months or days and name of sender for fifty cents. This offer for farmers only.

Lost

An opportunity to make money if you do not advertise in our columns.

On the Beaver, Dan and Calgary trail, one brown leather saddle. Suitable reward given finder for returning same to Mrs. F. J. Monkman, Carstairs, P. O. 56123

At Crossfield, six weeks ago, a collie dog, black and tan, one ear damaged, answers to the name of "Shackles." Reward of \$5 will be paid on information leading to recovery of dog by Edward Harrison, Cochrane. 51-4t

On Tuesday, November 30th, a black collie dog with long tail, answering to the name of Buster, strayed from the owner, Lewis Bessie, while in town. The dog is seven months old and about half grown. When last seen had on red and black strap with a ring on it, also a small skating strap. Information regarding animal's whereabouts will be received, at this office, or by the owner, who resides on the farm formerly occupied by C. E. DeBine. 50-12x

Public Notice

Notice is hereby given that those owning a threshing or plowing outfit that are not threshing or plowing engine is allowed to cross on any crossings within the village limits, under penalty as provided for in the statutes of Canada.

By Order of Village Council.

CHARLES HULBERT, Secretary-Treasurer. 402t

Notice is hereby given, under section 27 of the Pound District Ordinance that one (1) Herford steer 5 years old branded 10— Left hip, was impounded in the pound kept by the undersigned on the N. W. 34 Sec. 12, Twp. 27 R. 1 West on the 5th, on Saturday, Dec. 4th, 1909, Hugh Edridge, Poundkeeper. 51-3t

Judicial Sale of Land

Pursuant to the Order of the Honorable the Chief Justice made in the action of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company against Joseph Bauman, all and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises in the Province of Alberta and being the North West Quarter of Section Nineteen (19), in Township Twenty-nine (29), Range Four (4), West of the Fifth Meridian, containing One Hundred and Sixty (160) acres more or less, will be sold at public auction on Wednesday the 10th day of December, 1909, at the Court House in the City of Calgary in the Province of Alberta, at twelve o'clock noon. Ten per cent of the purchase price will be payable at the time of sale and the balance in thirty days thereafter. All parties and their solicitors or agents have leave to bid. Bids at Calgary, Alberta, this 11th day of November, A.D., 1909.

LOUGHEED, BENNETT & Co., Plaintiff's Solicitors. 40-2t

Around the Town

Rev. Menzies visited Calgary on Monday.

Mr. Fleming was in Calgary on Wednesday.

Mr. Welker, of Didsbury, was in town Friday.

Mr. H. Mann paid a week end visit to Calgary.

Miss K. McKay visited Calgary on Monday.

Mr. Thos. Fitzpatrick intends leaving for the States shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Martin visited Calgary during the past week.

Mr. J. Berry has left for Simcoe County on a visit to his mother.

Mrs. S. Willis, of Bowden, Alta., arrived in town Thursday.

Mrs. Gunnsley, who, we understand leaving shortly for the States.

—Try the Drug Store for toys, dolls, picture books and Xmas gifts.

A party of young people went out to Bliss' rink to skate on Friday.

—See our stock of dainty Xmas cards and post cards at the Drug Store.

In Calgary Alhambra ride free on the street cars but postmen on duty have to pay.

Mr. Oliver Birdwell and son Frank have disposed of their homestead near Cochrane.

—List your land with Kennedy & Clarke real estate agents, Carstairs, and you will get quick sales.

Mr. L. D. Thomas left on Monday for Chicago, Ill., where he will spend the festive season.

—Get that best girl of yours a pretty box of stationery for Xmas. We have some handsome ones from 25c up to \$2.50 at the Drug Store.

The Crossfield branch of the Bible Society raised \$450.00, which was forwarded to the Alberta Bible Society.

The morning train from the south was late on Monday morning on account of an extra milk can being put off at Beldington.

A meeting for the purpose of discussing the organizing of a hockey club will be held in the Arcade poolroom on Wednesday at 8 p.m.

Mr. Robt. Hayes, who arrived in town from the east recently, is now in the employment of Mr. Geo. Stratton, of the Alberta Hotel.

—\$50,000 to loan on farm property at lowest rates of interest and favorable terms. All business strictly confidential. Kennedy & Clarke, real estate and money lenders, Carstairs.

The sign of the Crossfield Livery Barn is up and is an excellent testimonial to the grade of work turned out by Messrs. Sackett & Brule.

The Alberta Provincial Spring Horse Show, Fat Stock Show, and Saddle Show and Sale will be held in Calgary next April 24th to 28th.

Mrs. Mason, mother of Mrs. Chas. Bolton, who has been visiting her daughter for the past few weeks, returned to her home at Revelstoke, B.C., on Monday.

—Perfume is always an acceptable Xmas gift from mother, sister or sweetheart. The Drug Store has a beautiful stock in pretty cases and at all prices.

Because an editor must be able to handle a pair of scissors and a paste-pot it does not necessarily follow that he is a paper hanger. Editors' wives please note.

We are given to understand that Mr. Bert Armstrong has severed his connection with the firm of Ontkes & Armstrong. The change takes place the first of the New Year.

Mr. Jas. Magpie, who is erecting a poolroom and dance hall at Acme, arrived in town on Wednesday night. The work on the building, which is 26x30, is suspended on account of the cold weather.

De Grants in Calgary

De Grants, the world famed Palmists and Clairvoyants are in Calgary until January 1st, 1910, and are making a specialty of mailing free readings to those who are unable to call personally. Write at once for terms and how to gain the information desired to

DE GRANTS,
221 Eight Ave. E.,
Calgary, Alta.

The Flora School District, 1570, will give a box social on December 23rd. The proceeds will go towards the painting of the school. A free dance will be given at the conclusion of the evening's program.

Since the retirement of Chas. McLean we have had no representative of law and order in the village. This state of affairs is, however, now at an end; for this week Geo. Reid was sworn in as constable.

The first calendar of the season to reach this office was brought in by Mr. Becker, of the Crossfield Lumber Yard. The calendar is a most artistic one being in the form of a wall bracket, and is a welcome addition to the interior of a home.

Messrs. Edwards and W. Gaslin returned from a hunting trip in the foothills on Saturday. Each of the gentlemen bagged a deer, but report that it is extremely difficult to get near the game and are congratulating themselves upon their good luck.

Messrs. James Cavendish, Ed. Gregory and J. Oswald left on Saturday for New York en route for the "Old Country." Messrs. G. T. Jones and L. Wicks followed on Monday, and Wednesday witnessed the departure of Mr. L. Low for the land of hearth. We wish the "boys" a pleasant trip.

"Dennis," inquired Mr. Hogan, glancing up over the door of the post office building, "what is the meaning of them letters, MIMCXCXVIII?" They mean eighteen hundred and 'ninety-eight." "Dennis, don't it strike you that they're carryin' 'this shapelin' reform entirely too far?"

A little girl who was gazing intently at a picture of Daniel in the den of lions suddenly commenced to cry. Her mother said: "My dear are you crying for the poor prophet?" "No," said the little one, "I'm crying for that little lion over there in the corner. He isn't going to get any."

The bachelors of Crossfield are giving a ball on the night of Friday, December 17th. The dance will commence at eight and will be free to all. One restriction only will be placed, and it on the members of the fair sex, who are asked to bring cakes as the "unclaimed blessings" have not as yet acquired a contrary class.

The Crossfield Meat Market have installed a one half horse power gasoline engine, a silent sausage chopper and a green bone cutter. It looks as if Mr. Fisher means to utilize everything but the squeal, which will have to be wasted on account of there being no phonograph record manufacturers located in town.

The Chicago Daily News says:—"The thirteen-year-old boy put up such a fight with the maddened animal that the girl was able to escape, but the youth was badly bitten in the torso." We were reading this out the other night and a young lady who had called exclaimed "My, what an awful place to be bitten."

The interior of the Alberta Hotel is undergoing some improvements which will tend to make it one of the most comfortable hostleries on the line. Both bar and sitting-room are being painted and the floors are being covered with cork linoleum. Mr. Stratton is sparing no expense in his efforts to cater to the public and he should meet with success.

The paper from Winnipeg arrived on the Saturday morning train instead of Tuesday. The conversation in the office as day by day the north bound trains sauntered by was something like this:—Devil—1 17—2 117—3 111—Editor—Bless my soul, so annoying. Oh—??117? We shall have to go to kirk the Sabbath.

The funeral of Anabella Becker, aged five months, whose sad death was recorded in our last issue, took place on Sunday. The service was held in the home of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Becker, and was conducted by Rev. Menzies, who delivered a beautiful and touching address. The hymns were "Shall we gather at the river," "Safe in the arms of Jesus" and "A few more years shall roll."

Mr. Ed. Todd, of Samsonton, called in this week and received the dollar due him on account of his name having appeared in the advertisement of McKay Bros. in our last issue. In addition to the dollar Mr. Todd received a year's subscription to the Chronicle free and as he was paid up to October 4th 1910, he will now be on the subscription list as a paid up subscriber until October 4th, 1911. Would that all our subscribers—but there, no matter, most of the subscriptions fall due this month and we expect to meet with many renewals, and certain new names should illuminate the gloom of the editorial sanctum.

Are You Going Home for 'Xmas'?

Anyway you must have a new outfit for the festive season.

We can fit you up from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet. But as to clothes, we are the people to see for we have

Fit-Rite Clothing

The makers of this brand of clothes are famous all over Canada for the quality of their goods, and the fit, fashion and nattiness of their clothes. Quality combined with

Prices That Speak

Serge Suits, \$10.00 to \$15.00
Scottish Tweed Suits, \$10.00 to \$20.00

We have in stock clothing for Boys from 10 to 15 years of age from \$5.00 to \$12.00
also clothing for children from 7 to 10 years of age from

\$3.00 to \$6.00

Fresh Groceries Hardware Dry Goods

Ontkes & Armstrong

MONEY

MONEY

MONEY

\$50,000

To Loan
On Improved Farm Lands
at a Low Rate of
Interest

The Expenses are the
Lowest, and No Commission
is charged

Business Strictly Confidential
Insurance
a Specialty

Townsite Property For Sale
SEE
MacCrimmon & Co
The Hay and Grain Men
Crossfield.

If you want a team or a saddle horse you will do well to call in and see Henry Ontkes, of the
Crossfield Livery Stable
Our stable cannot be surpassed, and we are able to Guarantee Satisfaction. Give us a trial

Watch
THIS SPACE



Fresh Meats

Chops, Veal Cutlets, Mutton
Pork, Steaks, Fresh Sausage.

Orders delivered to any part of town
We buy HOGS and POULTRY
live or dressed at any time, delivered
when ordered.

Highest Cash Price Paid
for Beef Hides.

Crossfield Meat Market

N. WEIKER, Prop.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Lines Company, apply to the parliament of Canada, at the present session, for an Act further amending the Act incorporating the Company, chapter 90 of the Statutes of 1906, as amended by chapter 86 of the Statutes of 1907, by authorizing the construction of the following additional lines of railway:—

(1) From a point on the Western Division of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway between the east limit of Range 12 and the west limit of Range 17, west of the third meridian, thence in a southeasterly and westerly direction to a point in the vicinity of Calgary, or to a point on the line which the Company is authorized, under paragraph 14 of clause 11 of said chapter 90, to construct to Calgary;

(2) From a point on the proposed line mentioned in paragraph (1) between the east limit of Range 20 and the west limit of Range 28, west of the third meridian, thence in a southeasterly and westerly direction to a point in the vicinity thereof;

(3) From a point on the proposed line mentioned in paragraph (2) between the east limit of Range 24 and the west limit of Range 27, west of the second meridian, to Moose Jaw, or to a point in the vicinity thereof;

(4) From a point on the Western Division of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway between Arltun and Wainwright, thence in an easterly and southeasterly direction to a point on the line which the Company is authorized, under paragraph 14 of clause 11 of said chapter 90, to construct to Battleford;

(5) From Regina, or a point in the vicinity thereof, thence in a south-westerly and westerly direction to Lethbridge, or to a point in the vicinity of Lethbridge on the line which the Company is, under paragraph 14 of clause 11 of said chapter 90, authorized to construct from Calgary to the southern boundary of the province of Alberta at or near Coats;

(6) From a point on the main line of the Western Division between Moose Lake and Peter James, thence through the drainage of the Clearwater River, Bonaparte River, Seton and Anderson Lakes, thence to the River or the Squamish River, or between the last two Rivers, to Vancouver, British Columbia; authorizing an issue of bonds to the extent of \$30,000.00 a mile of the said lines of railway, numbered (1) to (5) inclusive and comprising the said line within what is defined by the said Act as the "Mainline, Saskatchewan and Alberta Extensions"; authorizing an issue of bonds to the extent of \$50,000.00 a mile of the said line, numbered (6) and comprising the said line within what is defined by the said Act as the "British Columbia Extension"; and also amending paragraph 11 of clause 11 of the said Act as regards the southern terminus of the line thereby authorized.

Dated at Montreal this 26th day of November, 1908.

W. H. BIGGAR,
Solicitor for Applicants.

Crossfield Drug Store

For Your Stationery and all
Medical Supplies.

MERRICK THOMAS.

KING & BEVAN,
Auctioneers,

Cochrane, Alta.
Country Sales a Specialty. Distance
No Object.

VANITY OF AN EMPRESS.

Josephine Dearly Loved Her Gowns
and Her Jewels.

It is a rare privilege to be allowed to peep into the mysteries of an empress' toilet, to ransack her wardrobe, to open her jewel cases and to see the many things that would purchase many a king's ransom. But when this empress is the most luxurious and picturesque woman of an extravagant age the temptation is too strong to resist, says The London Standard.

Such an empress was Josephine, in turn the spoiled darling and outcast wife of Napoleon I., whose star shined in the social heaven of Europe for five years. Josephine was more than forty years old and had already exhausted all the arts of luxury when she was crowned empress in 1804. Her first beauty had long left her, and it is said she had practiced the latest and fashionable art of enamelling until the enamel would no longer retain the hold on skin, but cracked and covered her with a constant layer of white powder.

For ordinary occasions her hair-dresser was a M. Herbaux, "a magnificent creature in an embroidered costume, with a sword at his side, but for any important occasion M. Duplan, the most consummate artist in the world, was called in. M. Duplan's salary for these occasional services was 20,000 francs a year, increased later by Napoleon to 40,000 francs. These two unrivaled artists designed for Josephine's benefit no less than a thousand new methods of hairdressing, each adapted to the special circumstances in which it was worn.

Much as Josephine loved her hundreds of costly dresses, she loved her jewelry more and was never happy unless she was adding almost daily to her treasures. In a few short months she spent half a million francs on jewels, and her happiest hours at Malmaison were spent in spreading out her thousand gems on the table before her and gazing over their dazzling charms.

Her extravagance was the cause of many tears and much upbraiding from Napoleon, who grew tired of paying bills, many of them reaching almost a million francs. But in the end he was unconquered by her pleading and penitence and would say to her: "Come, Josephine! Come, my little! Come yourself! I will make it all right." Poor, silly Josephine! Poor Napoleon!

A Kick For Constancy.

The commutator with a grievance opened the door of the general passenger, went's department, pushed aside the boy at the railing and stalked up to the officer's desk and relieved himself as follows:—
"Maybe I have no kick coming when I go to the station on time every morning for six weeks to catch the 8.05 train, only to find it from five to ten minutes late—maybe I haven't, I say. But when I get there two minutes late on the first morning of the seventh week, only to find the rear end of the train disappearing cityward, then, by thunder, I have a legitimate kick coming, and I'm here to register it!"

Eastern Funeral Pomp.

When a rich and important Chinaman dies his funeral is conducted with much pomp and splendor. His friends and relations instead of sending wreaths send innumerable banners. These are made of white silk with inscriptions beautifully worked in black velvet and express the senders' good wishes to the deceased himself or to the members of his family for many generations. On the day of the funeral the banners are carried by hired men, who are all dressed alike in black. When the funeral is over the banners are all brought back and eventually grace the rooms of the late Chinaman's house.

Climatic Changes.

There is indisputable evidence that the greater part of Europe was at one time covered with icebergs and glaciers and that an Arctic climate prevailed as far south as the shores of the Mediterranean. But there is also abundant proof that at a still earlier epoch not only Europe, but the lands situated within the Arctic circle, possessed a tropical climate, for the numerous fossil remains found in those regions are those of plants and animals which, according to the present state of our knowledge, must have lived under conditions now found only in the equatorial portions of the globe.

General Botha Good Farmer.

General Botha has purchased a number of rams for his farm in the Transvaal from the sheep farm in Ramboillet. During the transaction he pointed out two or three specimens which he wanted, but the director smiled and declared that he could not part with them, as they were the very finest in the flock. Gen. Botha appeared delighted at this evidence of his experience and remarked: "I am not a general or a minister, I am a good farmer, and that is what interests me."

A Misprint.

The misprinting of a single letter occasionally lands a newspaper into an alarming statement. Witness the account of a public meeting addressed by Disraeli when, according to a London journal, "he crowd rent the air with their snouts."

NEW NAVAL WEAPON.

Gabriel's Torpedo Is Guided by Her-
tician Waves.

The radio-automatic torpedo, recently tested in the Baltic by its inventor, M. Gabriel, when out of the water has the appearance of two torpedoes, one above the other and six feet apart. The upper section is twelve feet long. It is merely a float. The lower section is eighteen feet in length and much larger in circumference than the upper one. It contains a motor battery of accumulators, an apparatus for the reception of Hertizian waves, and at the nose an explosive charge weighing 1,800 pounds as compared with 300 pounds in the ordinary torpedo.

The apparatus weighs five tons. It sinks to the upper float. This carries two masts, four feet high, connected by wires which receive the Hertizian waves. They are fitted with electric lamps, which light up when the waves reach them, thus showing to the operator that they have been received. They are directed afterward so as to be invisible from the object toward which the torpedo is moving. When the torpedo was placed in the Baltic, Gabriel went out in a motorboat, in which was an apparatus for emitting the Hertizian waves, which resembled a miniature piano with ten notes. Gabriel touched one of the keys, and immediately a motor on the torpedo, which was twenty yards away, started.

By sending a various number of waves he moved the rudder to right or left. He turned the torpedo sharply around in its own length and made it come toward him. In fact, his control was absolute. The waves caused by passing ships and steamers did not seem to affect the machine. A speed of 20 knots an hour can be obtained. Gabriel calculated at one thirty the chances of interference by Hertizian waves from a warship.

Origin of Pajamas.

Pajamas are being interpreted simply "leg garments." They were eagerly adopted by Europeans in India from the Mohammedans, probably by Portuguese traders in the first place. Earlier Anglo-Indian generations knew them as "long drawers" or "mosquito drawers," and still earlier generations as "mogul breeches," under which name they are referred to by Beaumont and Fletcher. European improvers were at one time in the habit of adding feet to these leg garments, but a certain London tradesman was not at a loss to find an outlandish reason for this addition. "I believe, sir, it is in account of the white ants," he replied to an inquiring customer.—London Chronicle.

LOCAL MARKETS.

Potatoes, per bushel	..\$0.75
Wheat, No. 1, red, bus.	.. 70c
Wheat, No. 2, per 75c
Wheat, No. 3, 70c
Wheat, No. 4, 65c
Wheat, No. 5, 62c
Flax, 120c
Oats, 32c
Barley, 40c
Eggs, 35c
Butter, .. lb.,	.. 35c
Hogs, live weight	.. \$6.50
Cows, dressed	.. \$8.50
Little, live weight	.. lb. 25 to 3c.
Cows, live weight	.. 2 to 3

Crossfield School District No. 752

The REGULAR MEETINGS of the above School Board will be held at the School House at 10 a. m. on the first Saturday in the following months: January, March, May, July, September and November. All matters of business pertaining to this district will be attended to at this meeting.

The office of the Sec.-Treas. is in the Store of D. G. Harvie.
J. A. MacDougall, Chairman.
G. W. Boyce, Sec.-Treas.

JOE. DEWSBURY

Shoe Repairer
BOOTS AND SHOES NEATLY
AND PROMPTLY REPAIRED

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Closed on Mondays.

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GOOD HORSES GOOD RIGS
CAREFUL DRIVERS
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a full line and varied assortment of Souvenir Handkerchiefs, Ties and Mufflers, Ladies' Fancy and Novelty Collars and Belts. Handpainted and Bavarian China and toilet sets. Chocolates in Fancy Boxes.



All our Peels, Currants and Nuts and Raisins and Table Raisins are fresh, bought specially for the Christmas trade.

We will be pleased to show you the above lines as we are fully assured that in this instance anyway

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at Wm. Urquhart's

Prices Right

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can supply you with any kind of harness you need, light or heavy. First-class in quality and made to stand the strain of everyday work.

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SMOKED MEATS SMOKED FISH
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BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY
and our price is the same as you get in trade at the stores

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H. Mann Prop.

Successor to W. Bradley

4

Shoeing
Repair Work
Wagon Work
Carriage Work

C

H. W. Currie

The Blacksmith

Successor to W. Bradley

It pays to read 'Ads.'